Enter Nim, Piſtoll, Bardolfe, Hoſtes and a Boy.

Hoſt. I prethy ſweete heart, let me bring thee ſo farre as
(*Staines.*

Piſt. No fur, no fur.
Bar. Well ſir *Iohn* is gone. God be with him.
Hoſt. I, he is in *Arthors* boſom, if euer any were:
He went away as if it were a cryſombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iuſt at turning of the tide:
His noſe was as ſharpe as a pen:
For when I ſaw him fumble with the ſheetes,
And talk of floures, and ſmile vpō his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but one.
How now ſir *Iohn* quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no ſuch need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any ſtone:
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any ſtone.
And ſo vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.
Nim. They ſay he cride out on Sack.
Hoſt. I that he did.
Boy. And of women.
Hoſt. No that he did not.
Boy. Yes that he did: and he ſed they were diuels incarnat.
Hoſt. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
Nim. Well he did cry out on women.
Hoſt. Indeed he did in ſome ſort handle women,
But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of
(*Babylon.*
Boy. Hoſtes do you remember he ſaw a Flea ſtand
Vpon *Bardolfes* Noſe, and ſed it was a black ſoule
Burning in hell fire?

Bar.